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TALES CALCU

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Vol. 16 No. 16 Copr. 1954 'Elf Anyone'll Steal It. Someday, October, 1954★ 10¢ ON THE LAND | 10¢ ON THE SEA | 10¢ IN THE AIR

MAD

Story on Page 1?

Humor In A Jugular Vein

Story on Page #

(MAD fotos by H. Kurtzman)

Comic-Book Raid

As a result of charges that certain comic-books are contributing to crime, these comic-book artists [↑] were rounded up today at their hideout where they had stored a sizeable cache of brushes, drawing paper and ink. From right to left, they are a "crime" cartoonist, a "science-fiction" cartoonist, and a "lampoon" cartoonist.

*—Story on page **

Comics Go Underground

In this remarkable photo, [→] we see a comic-book publisher whose books have been banned from the newsstands, secretly peddling his comics on a busy street corner. It is rumored that this is only one of the tricks that desperate comic-book publishers are resorting to in order to sell their books . . . another far-fetched rumor being that they are disguising their books to look like newspapers in order to sneak them onto the stands. However, this rumor is plainly ridiculous.

—Story on page @

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO... PANIC ☐

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL McCOY, SUBSCRIBE TO... MAD ☐

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED ABOVE FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE $1.00 PER TITLE (8 ISSUES)

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(PLEASE PRINT)

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CRIME DEPT.: HELLO!... JUST GET BACK FROM YOUR PSYCHIATRIST?...WELL...YOU KEEP READING THESE COMIC BOOKS AND YOU'LL BE VISITING HIM AGAIN REAL SOON! ... ANYHOW... THE FAMILIAR ENTRANCE TO TODAY'S ADVENTURE IS 21/2 BAKER STREET WHERE WE FIND AN OLD FRIEND, DR. WHATSIT, WHO IS ABOUT TO STAR WITH ...

SHERMLOCK SHOMES in THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

UH-OH!...THERE GOES SHERMLOCK SHOMES'S ARCH ENEMY, ***ARTY MORTY*** FIRING AT SHOME'S SHADOW ON THE SHADE!

...HOWEVER, THE SHADOW ON THE SHADE IS IN REALITY A PLASTER STATUE-BUST DISGUISED AS SHERMLOCK SHOMES TO CONFUSE ARTY MORTY!

...HOWEVER THE STATUE-BUST IS IN REALITY SHERMLOCK SHOMES DISGUISED AS STATUE-BUST TO FURTHER CONFUSE ARTY MORTY!

YE GADS CAFE DOWNSTAIRS TODAYS MENU: TURKEY WITH MUCH-ROOM ON TOAST; BARELY SOUP; GLIB TONGUE; HORSE A LA CART; DR. I.Q. UPSTAIRS! BOOTERY IN THE REAR!

POW

BLANG BLAM

SHOMES! SHOMES, OLD MAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

..BY JOVE, WHAT LUCK! ARTY MORTY, IN FIRING THROUGH THE STUDY WINDOW, COMPLETELY MISSED THIS... WHICH IS INDEED A STATUE-BUST DISGUISED TO THROW A SHADOW OF SHOMES ON THE SHADE!

...WRONG AGAIN, WHATSIT!

YOU HAVE DEDUCED RIGHTLY ENOUGH THAT ARTY MORTY, IN FIRING THROUGH THE WINDOW, COMPLETELY MISSED THE STATUE-BUST DISGUISED TO THROW A SHADOW OF ME ON THE SHADE OF THE ***STUDY***- WINDOW!

...UNFORTUNATELY... IT WAS NOT THE ***STUDY*** WINDOW THAT ARTY MORTY FIRED ***THROUGH***!... IT WAS THE ***LIVING ROOM*** WINDOW!

ORIGINAL MARVIN MANTLE CALENDAR

ARTY-MORTY HAS FOILED ME AGAIN!

...HOWEVER. **HERE** IS THE REASON I ASKED YOU TO COME OVER! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, WHATSIT?

...WHY... WHY IT'S JUST A PLAIN, UNMARKED, UMBRELLA!

THE SECRET WORD IS @!:*@

AHA, MY FRIEND... IS THAT ALL IT TELLS YOU?... WELL... I WOULD SAY IT BELONGS TO A YOUNG LADY.. A HANDSOME BRUNETTE... 24... 5-4... 36-22-34...!!! **36-22-34!** ... **23... SKIDOOO!**... FURTHERMORE, HER FINGERNAIL ON HER LEFT FOREFINGER...

PLASTIC WOOD

...HAS 1/32ND OF AN INCH CHIPPED OFF OF THE EDGE... SHE HAS A TINY BEAUTY-MARK 1/16TH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER UNDER HER RIGHT ARM-PIT AND A TATOO ON HER RIGHT BICEP OF A SIMULATED DAGGER PIERCING THE FLESH AND INSCRIBED WITH THE WORD... "MOTHER"

I SAY, SHOMES... HOW THE DEVIL DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS FURSHLUGGINER STUFF?

...HAHA, WHATSIT.. YOU POOR STUPID FOOL... A CASE OF PURE, SIMPLE DEDUCTION!... I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM PURE, SIMPLE CLUES STARING YOU RIGHT IN THE FACE! I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM LITTLE SCUFF-MARKS AND GRAVY-STAINS ON THE UMBRELLA... BUT **MAINLY** I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM YOUNG LADY HERSELF WHO JUST FINISHED TELLING ME DEDUCTIONS, IN NEXT ROOM!

FATHER

UNCLE

MOTHER

WHATSIT... I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS PRU' BASKETBALL WHO HAS COME TO REPORT FOUL PLAY!

...YOU MEAN LIKE DISCONTINUED DRIBBLING?

...AS I WAS SAYING, MR. SHOMES... OUR FAMILY GOES BACK A LONG WAY!... HOWEVER THE FAMILY CURSE GOES BACK TO 1600 WHEN THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY... COUNT AMISHER BASKETBALL, LIVED IN BASKETBALL HALL!

CHAHMED.

BASKETBALL HALL IS THE FAMILY CASTLE OUT ON THE MOORS!... ONE BLACK NIGHT WHEN THE COUNT WAS HAVING A PARTY... A MAIDEN SPURNED HIS AFFECTIONS AND RAN FROM BASKETBALL HALL INTO THE MOORS! ...THE COUNT, IN A TERRIBLE TEMPER... UNLEASHED HIS HOUNDS AND WENT AFTER HER! AS THE GUESTS SAW HIM GO... THEY HEARD HIM SHRIEK TO THE **DEVIL** TO ASSIST HIM IN THE CHASE! WHEN HIS FRIENDS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM... THEY FOUND THE MAIDEN DEAD, AND THEY FOUND THE COUNT WITH A MONSTROUS BLACK HOUND STANDING OVER HIM, RIPPING OUT HIS THROAT..

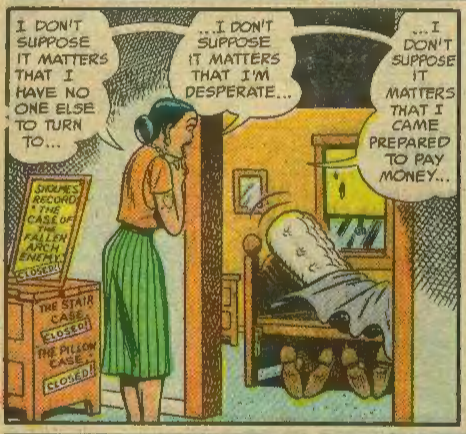
... THEY SAY IT WAS A HOUND OF **SATAN!**

KTAK KTAK BALOUW

HAHAHA! STEADY, WHATSIT!...SURELY, THIS STORY OF VISITORS FROM THE NETHER WORLD IS NOT TAKEN BY YOU SERIOUSLY!

...SURELY YOU ARE NOT PRONE TO BELIEVE THAT THE OLD BOY FROM DOWN BELOW REALLY EXISTS IN MORTAL FORM!

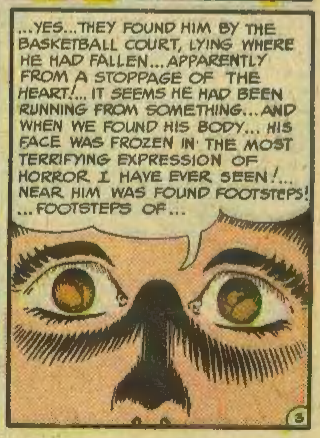
I SAY, SHOMES... YOU NEEDN'T ACT SO SMUG!... AFTER ALL... YOU'RE HERE UNDER THE BED TOO!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! DOES YOUR REACTION MEAN YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY CASE?


I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO...
...I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I'M DESPERATE...
...I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I CAME PREPARED TO PAY MONEY...
SHOMES RECORD THE CASE OF THE FALLEN ARCH ENEMY CLOSED!
THE STAIR CASE CLOSED!
THE PILLOW CASE CLOSED!

MY USUAL FEE?...TEN POUND TWO QUID THRUPENNY HA'PENCE?
TEN POUND HA'PENNY THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE THRUPPENCE!
THROW IN ANOTHER PAIR OF PENCE AND IT'S A DEAL!
I'VE GOT TUPPENCE, JOLLY JOLLY TUPPENCE!
NOW PLEASE, MISS... ON WITH YOUR STORY!
SWISH

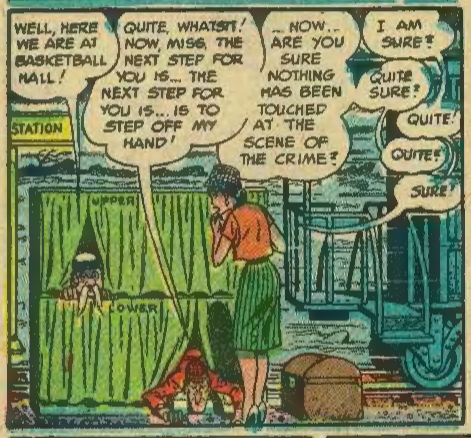
...WELL... EVER SINCE COUNT AMISHER BASKETBALL'S DEMISE, LIVING AT BASKETBALL HALL HASN'T BEEN CRICKET! IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE FAMILY HAS BEEN CURSED BY A LONG SERIES OF SAD MISFORTUNES AND UNTIMELY DEATHS...

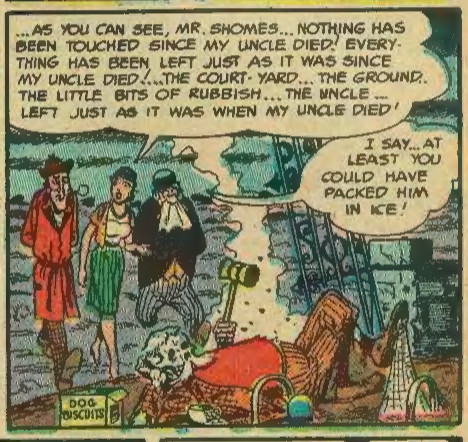
...UP TO THE LAST DESCENDANT OF THE BASKETBALLS... MY UNCLE, COOLIDGE BASKETBALL, WHO ONLY THIS PAST YEAR, DIED AT BASKETBALL HALL UNDER THE MOST UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURT-YARD OF BASKETBALL HALL!


...YES...THEY FOUND HIM BY THE BASKETBALL COURT, LYING WHERE HE HAD FALLEN... APPARENTLY FROM A STOPPAGE OF THE HEART!... IT SEEMS HE HAD BEEN RUNNING FROM SOMETHING... AND WHEN WE FOUND HIS BODY... HIS FACE WAS FROZEN IN THE MOST TERRIFYING EXPRESSION OF HORROR I HAVE EVER SEEN!... NEAR HIM WAS FOUND FOOTSTEPS! ...FOOTSTEPS OF...
3

...A HOUND!
KTAK KTAK
BALOUWMMM

...I'LL MAKE IT ANOTHER THRUPPENCE...
...ANOTHER TUPPENCE THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE HUPPENCE FUPPENCE AN'AHA'PENNY!
"THE CASE OF THE PLUMBER'S FRIEND" CLOSED!
THE JUST IN CASE!
THE BOOK CASE CLOSED!
"THE SUIT CASE" STILL OPEN!
"THE PILLOW CASE!"

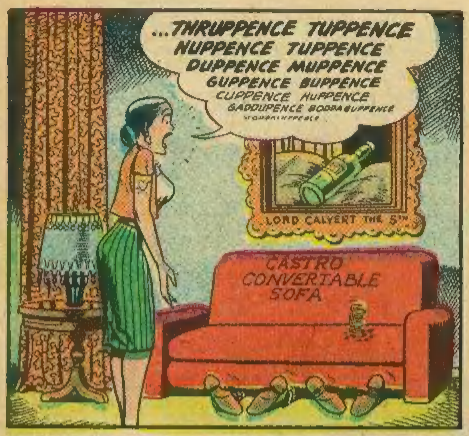

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT BASKETBALL HALL!
QUITE, WHATSIT! NOW, MISS, THE NEXT STEP FOR YOU IS... THE NEXT STEP FOR YOU IS... IS TO STEP OFF MY HAND!
... NOW... ARE YOU SURE NOTHING HAS BEEN TOUCHED AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?
I AM SURE?
QUITE SURE?
QUITE!
QUITE!
SURE!
STATION
UPPER
LOWER

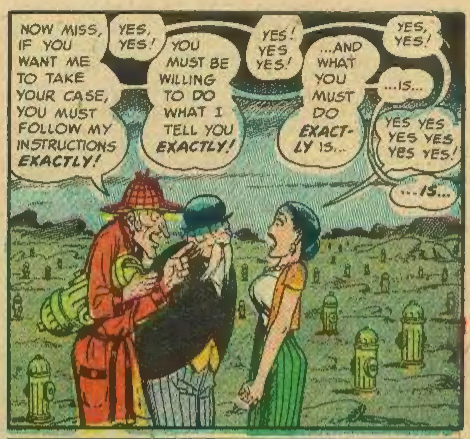

...AS YOU CAN SEE, MR. SHOMES... NOTHING HAS BEEN TOUCHED SINCE MY UNCLE DIED! EVERYTHING HAS BEEN LEFT JUST AS IT WAS SINCE MY UNCLE DIED!...THE COURT-YARD... THE GROUND. THE LITTLE BITS OF RUBBISH... THE UNCLE... LEFT JUST AS IT WAS WHEN MY UNCLE DIED!
I SAY... AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE PACKED HIM IN ICE!
DOG BISCUITS

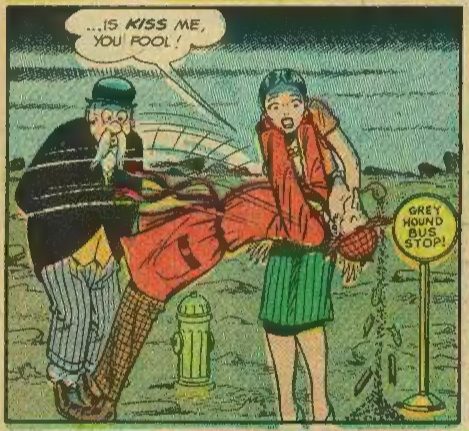
BY JOVE, SHOMES... NOW THAT WE'RE HERE... IT DAWNS ON ME HOW ABSURD THIS WHOLE STORY ABOUT A DEVIL-HOUND IS... HA-HA-HA!
YES, WHATSIT! A LITTLE SUPERSTITION GOES A LONG WAY!
LISTEN, GENTLEMEN...

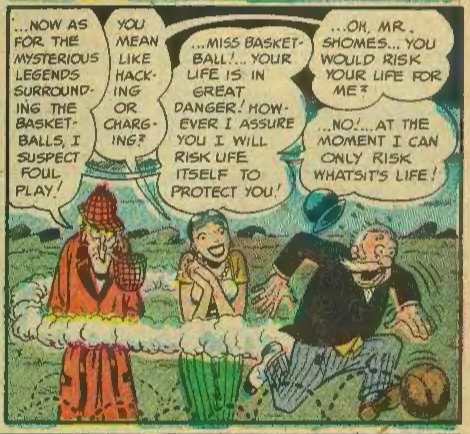
HAHAHA! THAT ROT ABOUT THE DEVIL... HAHAHA!
.. A CURSE, INDEED... HOHO, WHATSIT!
BAAWAAAAOOOOOOOOOO
...THAT UNEARTHLY HOWL COMING OUT OF THE MOORS...

...HAHAHA! HOHOHO! ...TO THINK WE WERE FRIGHTENED.. HEEHEEHEE!
HEHE — HEH! HOO-HOOHAH!
...THEY SAY IT'S THE HOUND... THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!
A.S.P.C.A.


...THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE NUPPENCE TUPPENCE DUPPENCE MUPPENCE GUPPENCE BUPPENCE CUPPENCE NUPPENCE BADDUPPENCE BOOBADUPPENCE
LORD CALVERT THE 5TH
CASTRO CONVERTABLE SOFA


NOW MISS, IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOUR CASE, YOU MUST FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY!
YES, YES!
YOU MUST BE WILLING TO DO WHAT I TELL YOU EXACTLY!
YES! YES YES!
...AND WHAT YOU MUST DO EXACTLY IS...
YES, YES!
...IS...
YES YES YES YES YES YES!
...IS...

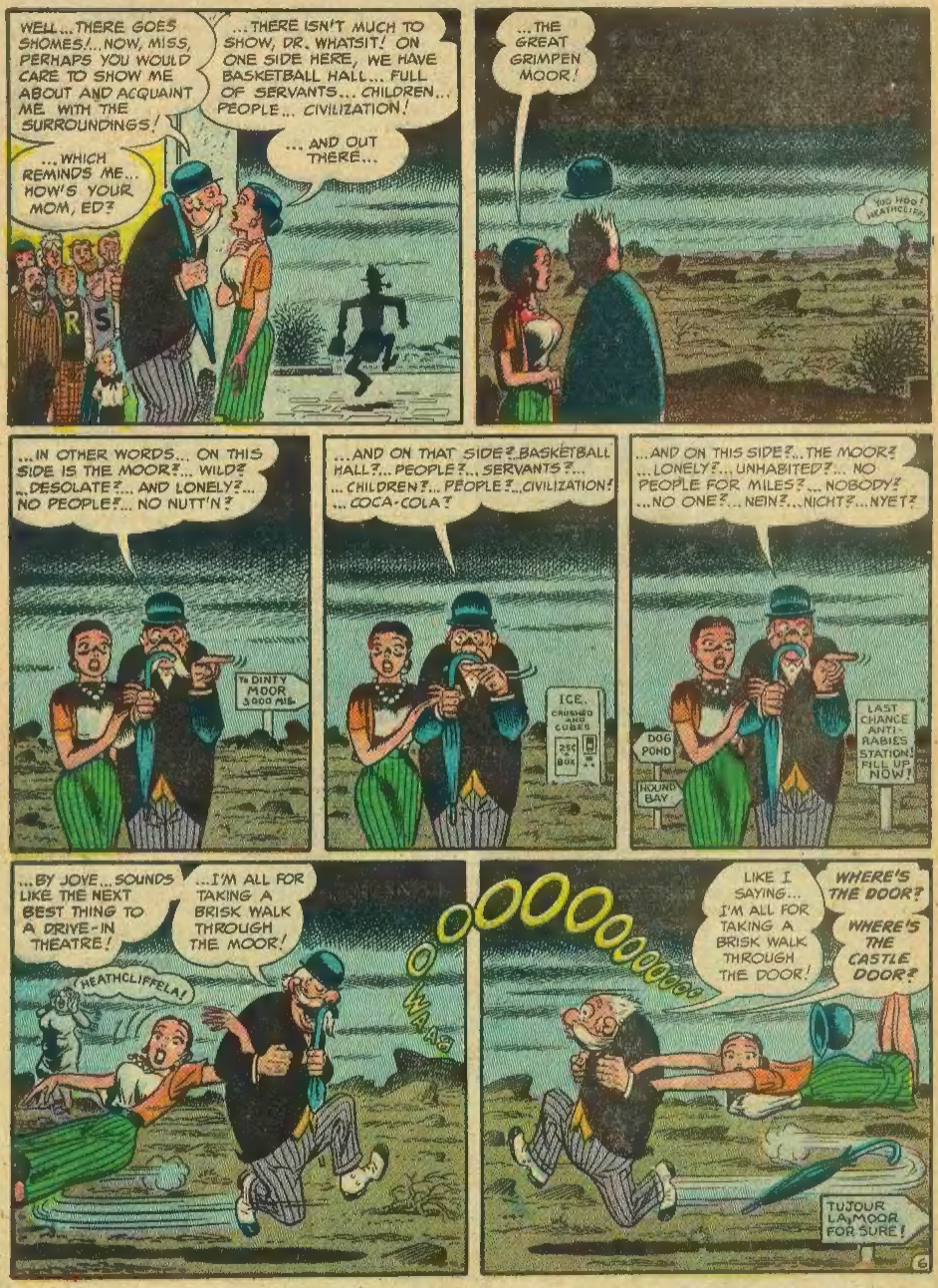

...IS KISS ME, YOU FOOL!
GREY HOUND BUS STOP!


...NOW AS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS LEGENDS SURROUNDING THE BASKETBALLS, I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!
YOU MEAN LIKE HACKING OR CHARGING?
...MISS BASKETBALL!... YOUR LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER! HOWEVER I ASSURE YOU I WILL RISK LIFE ITSELF TO PROTECT YOU!
...OH, MR. SHOMES... YOU WOULD RISK YOUR LIFE FOR ME?
...NO!... AT THE MOMENT I CAN ONLY RISK WHATSIT'S LIFE!

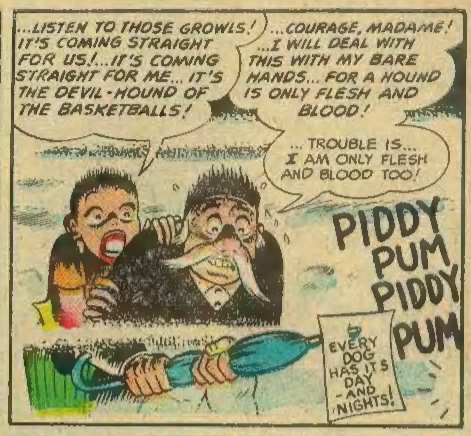
...YOU SEE, I MUST RETURN TO LONDON ON BUSINESS! ...WHATSIT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT...
...BUT SHOMES ...I'M NOT WELL!...JUST THE OTHER DAY I EXAMNED MYSELF AND...
...AN EXCELLENT BODY-GUARD!
OH HEATHCLIFF

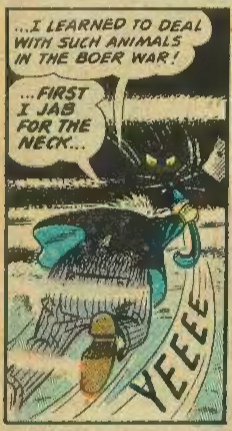
...BODY-GUARD!
...GUARD-BODY!
...BUARD-GODY!

...YES INDEEDY, SHOMES... JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS SAYING TO MYSELF, 'BY JOVE...WOULDN'T I MAKE A SPLENDID BODY-GUARD!'
...BY GAD... I'LL GUARD THIS KID'S BODY ANY DAY IN THE WEEK!


WELL... THERE GOES SHOMES!.. NOW, MISS, PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO SHOW ME ABOUT AND ACQUAINT ME WITH THE SURROUNDINGS!
...THERE ISN'T MUCH TO SHOW, DR. WHATSIT! ON ONE SIDE HERE, WE HAVE BASKETBALL HALL... FULL OF SERVANTS... CHILDREN... PEOPLE... CIVILIZATION!
... AND OUT THERE...
...WHICH REMINDS ME... HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
R S
...THE GREAT GRIMPEN MOOR!
YOO HOO! HEATHCLIFF!
...IN OTHER WORDS... ON THIS SIDE IS THE MOOR?... WILD? ...DESOLATE?... AND LONELY?... NO PEOPLE?... NO NUTT'N?
To DINTY MOOR 3,000 MILES
...AND ON THAT SIDE?..BASKETBALL HALL?... PEOPLE?... SERVANTS?... ...CHILDREN?... PEOPLE?...CIVILIZATION! ...COCA-COLA?
ICE. CRUSHED AND CUBES
25¢ BOX
...AND ON THIS SIDE?...THE MOOR? ...LONELY?... UNHABITED?... NO PEOPLE FOR MILES?... NOBODY? ...NO ONE?... NEIN?...NICHT?...NYET?
DOG POND
HOUND BAY
LAST CHANCE ANTI-RABIES STATION! FILL UP NOW!
...BY JOVE...SOUNDS LIKE THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DRIVE-IN THEATRE!
...I'M ALL FOR TAKING A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE MOOR!
HEATHCLIFFELA!
WHA-A-A
LIKE I SAYING... I'M ALL FOR TAKING A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE DOOR!
WHERE'S THE DOOR?
WHERE'S THE CASTLE DOOR?
TUJOUR LA MOOR FOR SURE!
6

...BASKETBALL HALL! ...THE PEOPLE! ...THE CIVILIZATION! ...THE COCA-COLA! ... GONE!
...DRAT THE LUCK! A FOG HAS DESCENDED ON THE MOOR!... WE'RE LOST!
DR. WHATSIT! ...THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE... SOMETHING RUNNING RAPIDLY ALONG THE GROUND...
REDUCE SPEED TO 25 MILES PER HR.
PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM..


...LISTEN TO THOSE GROWLS! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!...IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME... IT'S THE DEVIL-HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!
...COURAGE, MADAME! ...I WILL DEAL WITH THIS WITH MY BARE HANDS... FOR A HOUND IS ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD!
... TROUBLE IS... I AM ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD TOO!
PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM
EVERY DOG HAS IT'S DAY -AND NIGHTS!


...I LEARNED TO DEAL WITH SUCH ANIMALS IN THE BOER WAR!
...FIRST I JAB FOR THE NECK...
YEEEE

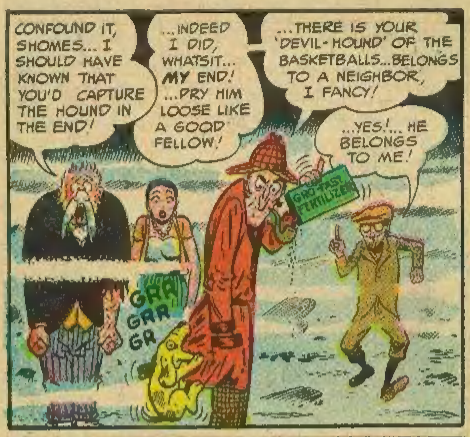
...THEN BOTH THUMBS UNDER THE EYE-BALLS...
HOW TO HOUSE-BREAK A DOG!
GAA

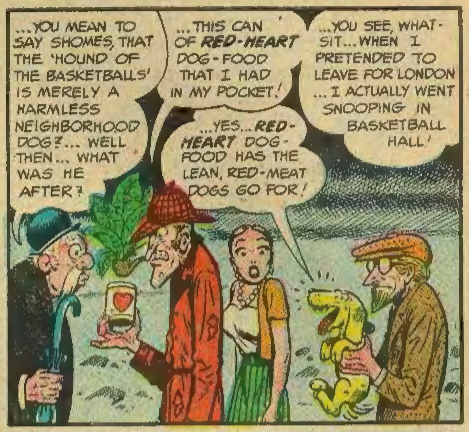
...FORCE THE CLOSED FIST BETWEEN THE JAWS DOWN THE THROAT...
YAK YAK
HOW TO BREAK HOUSE-DOG!

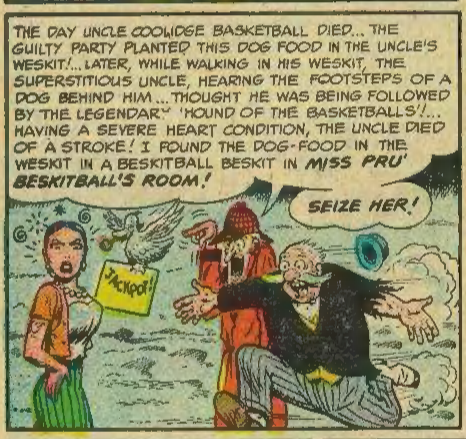
...THEN TUG BACK AGAINST THE NECK TILL THE BACK-BONE IS HEARD TO CRACK...
CRAK!

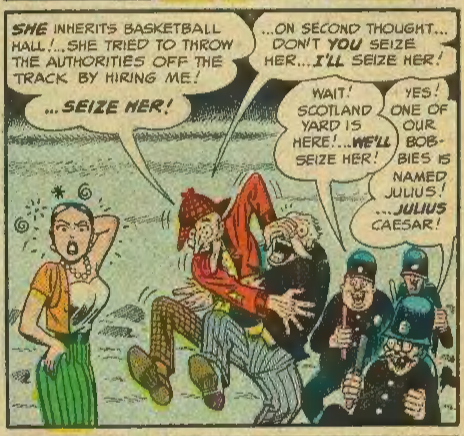
...AHA! WAIT TILL SHOMES RETURNS!... WON'T HE BE SURPRISED TO FIND I CAUGHT THE KILLER!... WON'T HE BE SURPRISED TO HEAR I CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!
WRONG AGAIN WHATSIT!

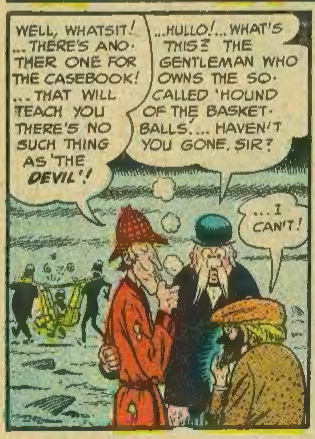
...I SAY!... I HAVEN'T CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS AT ALL!... I'VE MERELY CAPTURED SHOMES!
AK! AK! AK!
QUITE RIGHT, WHATSIT... AND I HAVE CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!


CONFOUND IT, SHOMES... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU'D CAPTURE THE HOUND IN THE END!
...INDEED I DID, WHATSIT... MY END! ...PRY HIM LOOSE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!
...THERE IS YOUR 'DEVIL-HOUND' OF THE BASKETBALLS...BELONGS TO A NEIGHBOR, I FANCY!
...YES!... HE BELONGS TO ME!
GRRR GRR GR
GROSSLY FERTILIZER


...YOU MEAN TO SAY SHOMES, THAT THE 'HOUND' OF THE BASKETBALLS' IS MERELY A HARMLESS NEIGHBORHOOD DOG?... WELL THEN... WHAT WAS HE AFTER?
...THIS CAN OF RED-HEART DOG-FOOD THAT I HAD IN MY POCKET!
...YES... RED-HEART DOG-FOOD HAS THE LEAN, RED-MEAT DOGS GO FOR!
...YOU SEE, WHAT-SIT... WHEN I PRETENDED TO LEAVE FOR LONDON ... I ACTUALLY WENT SNOOPING IN BASKETBALL HALL!


THE DAY UNCLE COOLIDGE BASKETBALL DIED... THE GUILTY PARTY PLANTED THIS DOG FOOD IN THE UNCLE'S WESKIT!... LATER, WHILE WALKING IN HIS WESKIT, THE SUPERSTITIOUS UNCLE, HEARING THE FOOTSTEPS OF A DOG BEHIND HIM... THOUGHT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED BY THE LEGENDARY 'HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS'!... HAVING A SEVERE HEART CONDITION, THE UNCLE DIED OF A STROKE! I FOUND THE DOG-FOOD IN THE WESKIT IN A BESKITBALL BESKIT IN MISS PRU' BESKITBALL'S ROOM!
SEIZE HER!
JACKPOT!


SHE INHERITS BASKETBALL HALL!... SHE TRIED TO THROW THE AUTHORITIES OFF THE TRACK BY HIRING ME!
...ON SECOND THOUGHT... DON'T YOU SEIZE HER... I'LL SEIZE HER!
...SEIZE HER!
WAIT! SCOTLAND YARD IS HERE!... WE'LL SEIZE HER!
YES! ONE OF OUR BOBBIES IS NAMED JULIUS! ...JULIUS CAESAR!


WELL, WHATSIT! ...THERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR THE CASEBOOK! ...THAT WILL TEACH YOU THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'THE DEVIL'!
...HULLO!... WHAT'S THIS? THE GENTLEMAN WHO OWNS THE SO-CALLED 'HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS'... HAVEN'T YOU GONE, SIR?
...I CAN'T!

...YOU SEE... YOU'RE STEPPING ON THE TAIL!
...GOOD HEAVENS, MAN... THE DOG'S TAIL...?

NO!
MINE!

THE PRESS DEPT:... YOUTH! EVEN AS WE SPEAK, GROWN-UPS OF AMERICA BATTLE TIRELESSLY TO DESTROY EVIL READING MATTER THAT IS CORRUPTING YOUTH!... HOWEVER, BEHIND THEIR BACKS LOOMED UNCHALLENGED, EVIL READING MATTER THAT IS *CORRUPTING GROWN-UPS!... YOUTH!... SAVE OUR GROWN-UPS!... SAVE THEM FROM THE BAD INFLUENCES OF...*

NEWSPAPERS! *

* P.S. — HEWING TO THE USUAL WRETCHED *MAD* PRACTICE, WE SHALL CONCERN OURSELVES MERELY WITH THE *WORST* ASPECTS OF NEWSPAPERS AND TOTALLY IGNORE THE BEST!

★★★★★ LATE LATE LATE LATE

DAILY POOP

PICTURE NEWSPAPER...PLENTY PICTURES

4¢ A POUND

Sunday, October, 1936★

4¢ IN CITY LIMITS | 5¢ OUTSIDE COUNTRY LIMITS | 6¢ OUTSIDE EARTH LIMITS

...like forinstance page 1! With all kinds important things going on in politics here's what they put on page 1!

MAN CARVES UP HIS GIRL FRIEND

Story on Page 4

Son of Skunk Farmer Weds Heiress

Story on Page 4

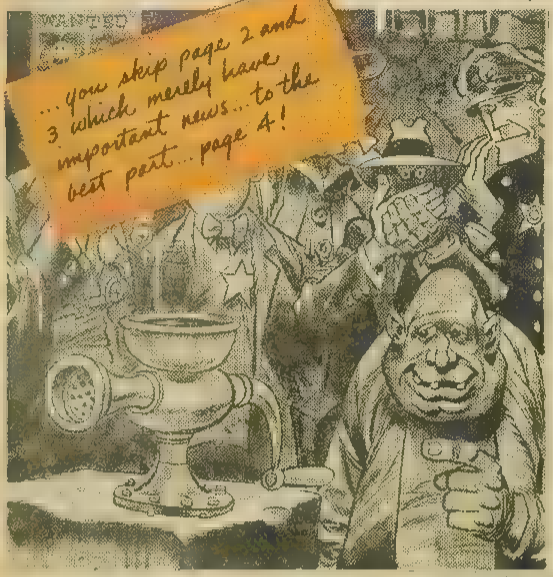
DAILY POOP Photo by Jack Jacobs

Big Bloody Riot Boy! What violence there was on the docks yesterday. Note in Foreground above, [←] policeman's teeth being smashed in by brass knuckles. Note in background, man, being clubbed on head with lead pipe, pushes thumb under other man's eye. Note plenty other bloody things by looking at photo closely.

Girl Beaten Vava Voom shows where she was bruised [→] when burglers broke into her apt. house. Although it was a neighbor's apt. they broke into, Vava was bruised while taking a shower.

DAILY POOP Photo by Jack Jacobs

Killer Admits Using Meat Grinder



(POOP foto by Jack Davis)

Full Details on Most Nauseating Crime Ever

Today, Sturdley Hockblock publicly confessed to the mostest sickeningest crime ever, in this city of Smerdley, and we have [redacted] the details down to the last gruesome little details.

Police Chief Smudley Smedley of Smerdley had this to say:

"Echhh!"

The body was discovered yesterday by 172 witnesses all over the city. This was because the body was in 172 packages all over the city. But you ain't heard nothing yet.

Hockblock was immediately apprehended through the efficiency of a mammoth police dragnet, a diligent manhunt by the organized citizenry, an announcement on "Gangbusters," and mainly, Hockblock gave himself up.

But now we come to main enjoyable part where Hockblock describes in detail how he committed murder like for instance what kind of butcher's cleaver he used, what type blood the victim had, what color blood, with closeups of the blood and like that.

Now all the teeny details the way Hockblock went about the murder was this. First he grabbed his victim and then he

(continued on pg. 780)

Very Important People Arrive on Boat

(POOP foto by Jack Davis)

The most importantest people ever, arrived on the S.S. Sturdley today. Above is Miss Baba Bam waving hello from rail of ship. Not that Miss Baba Bam had anything to do with arrivals . . . she was just passing by docks at time.

Googie Divorces Zazie for Boobie

By Smedley Dirtdigger
DAILY POOP News Bureau

Yesterday, the most earth-shaking event in the history of our times took place when Googie Smidley, after a quick divorce from the Baroness Zazee Ley Smed, got secretly married to Boobie Van Smoodley at a modest little ceremony at the Taj Mahal.

After the wedding, a modest little reception was held at the Hollywood Bowl. The happy couple had this to say when quizzed by this reporter. "This time, Smedley, it's for keeps. This romance is the real thing and this time this is IT and for keeps this time and it's the real thing." This was Boobie's 12th marriage and Googie's 27th.

While Boobie is the wealthy heiress [redacted] the Van Smoodley Timber, Steel and Uranium fortune, Googie is the son of an illiterate, filthy, peasant skunk-farmer.

As to their future plans, Googie said that the honeymoon would have to be delayed since there are matters of grave concern and import to attend to . . . matters that cannot wait. Like for instance, the construction of a special polo-mallet being hand-fashioned for Googie. Boobie, meanwhile, will vacation.

As Googie packed his money-bags and prepared to depart in his platinum jet-plane (by real furshlugginer thing,

(POOP foto by J. Davis)
Googie and Boobie as they said that this was it.

his last marriage), this reporter was told, emphatically, "Smedley, this time it's the

Googie With Foofoo While Boobie Vacations

By Dirtley Smedigger

The Bahamas—The most drooly incident ever witnessed by civilization took place this morning when Googie Smidley landed here on his own private platinum landing strip (by his eleventh marriage), for a rendezvous with Foofoo Smedd Lee.

Meanwhile, Boobie said she and Googie could not make a go of married life and she was instituting a divorce. Foofoo Smed Lee, wealthy [redacted]ress to Smed Lee Gold and Diamond fortune, announced modest little wedding, only 10,000 close friends to attend. When queried, Googie said, "Dirtley, this time it is positively IT," as he left, in his platinum diesel train.

(POOP foto [redacted] Jack Davis)
Googie and Foofoo tell world that this is it.

[redacted]oogie is [redacted]ine Says Selma

By D. Irt

Selma Strudley, this evening, confirmed the devastating rumor that she and Googie Smidley will soon be married. Meanwhile, Foofoo Smedd Lee told reporters that her romance with Googie, after a long period of incessant bickering, has gone on the rocks. Foofoo is the wealthy heiress to several large countries all over the world, and [redacted] she stood hand in hand with Googie [redacted] the entrance to Foofoo's modest little city, Googie informed this reporter that this was it! Outside, on Foofoo's private lake, on the deck of her private flattop, Googie's platinum jet Constellation was warming up for a business trip.

(POOP foto [redacted] Jack Davis)
Googie: It's it.

War Breaks Out in Far East. Millions Flee for Lives

It was heard today that the beginnings of a war have started in the far east. In the opinion of a leading advisor in this country, this war is so tightly linked to our strategic position in the world that it will undoubtedly lead this country and the rest of the world into war and it is difficult to forsee how it will be possible to avoid using the atom and hydrogen bombs. A board of experts in an emergency round-table discussion agreed unanimously that this event in the far-east is definitely the beginning of the end of civilization.

ADVERTISEMENT

CHOKED with stomach GAS?

THANK HEAVENS! It might have been mustard gas. When acid indigestion strikes take PEGO tablets to get fast acting relief. PEGO spelled backwards is NATURE.

ADVERTISEMENT

Do the Nose Drops You Use Match Fluid in Your Nose?

The wonderful, really relief compound in the nose, we have compounded a liquid called Sneeze that matches the natural fluids in the nose. A bottle of this amazing liquid costs 10c. Tight that settle with sneeze.

ADVERTISEMENT

Itchy skin starves for medicated lanolin.

Now if your little skin starves for medicated lanolin, get Smurdley's Ointment. Smurdley's Ointment is compounded of [illegible] and ground-glass. Yes, Smurdley's Ointment [illegible] the pieces of [illegible] in your Smurdley's Ointment today.

ADVERTISEMENT

False T[illegible]

...after that comes pages like this with teeny-weeny pieces of news stuck in edges!

[illegible] cheaper, [illegible] ran do.

NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY! TURNS PIMPLES INSIDE-OUT!

Skin Specialist, Sneezley B. Lemish reveals that new medical discovery works wonders on the skin.

Do people stare at you and go, "Ugh!" Do people avoid you at parties? Well according to a leading skin specialist's report, B. LEMISH SKIN CREAM is the thing for you. You see, B. LEMISH'S penetrating action actually sinks right into the skin and turn pimples inside-out. Just think, after ONE application of B. LEMISH'S SKIN CREAM, instead of bumps on your face, you have indentations. Think how quickly you will become the LIFE of the parties. Think how people's exclamations of "Ugh!" will turn to "Ooh!" Don't waste a moment. For [illegible] you can have a [illegible] year supply of B. LEMISH'S SKIN CREAM. Send $2.00 with $1.00 to cover handling [illegible] to B. LEMISH, [illegible] Dandies in Smurdley. If not satisfied, you will receive double your money back. However, we are confident we will be satisfied with your money.

OVERWEIGHT 'and can't diet?

TRY THE NU-MAL TRITION WAY

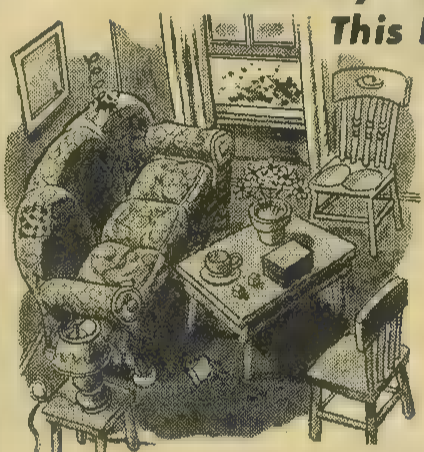
...of getting rid of fat. NU-MAL TRITION does not pretend to dissolve fat. NU-MAL TRITION does not stick on the stomach to give you loss of appetite. NU-MAL TRITION merely knocks you unconscious for days on end. NU-MAL TRITION, the sure way to dieting.

Sitting Down All The Time... Lack [illegible] Pep?

Don't neglect your kidneys. Very often, a simple thing like a neglected kidney can make you feel listless, tired all day with no energy to get ahead in the world. Don't let this condition make you lose out on life. Don't let lack of pep deny you fame. You might be rich right now if you had some of that pep to get-up and go and make out in this world. Murdrley's Penetrating Iron Tablets are the thing for you. These tablets are designed so that they will give you plenty of get-up and go. You see Murdrley's Penetrating Iron tablets have an iron point on the top so that when used properly as directed, you will feel oiling on Murdrley's Penetrating Iron tablets gives you all the get-up and go that you need.

FREE PRACTICALLY

We Pay You to Take Away This Furniture ...practically!



87 piece set, reg..$1,000

OUR PRICE $25

Look at all these pieces

1 Sofa	1 Coffee Table
3 Cushions	1 Coffee Cup
4 Legs	2 Lumps Sugar
2 Arms	1 Flower Pot
2 Chairs	5 Flowers
7 Legs	1 Cigarette Box
1 Lamp Table	1 Match Book
1 Lamp	22 Cigarettes
1 Lamp Shade	30 Matches
1 Bulb	

Just think ... when you buy this $1,000 value for $25, you save $975! That's like $975 put in the bank! Shop [illegible] our store and you will be rich in no time!

The following, we HAVE [illegible] get rid of! Come TAKE it away!

Hollywood Bed, genuine sprung steel	reg. 500	reduced to 39.99
Hollywood Mattress, genuine spring steel lumps	reg. 300	reduced to 29.99
Hollywood Studio Couch, from genuine Hollywood studio	reg. 100	reduced to 19.99
Hollywood Bunk, single, double, triple, fupple decker	reg. 50	reduced to 9.99
Hollywood Cot, folding canvas, type U.S.A.	reg. 10	reduced to .99
Hollywood Stool	reg. 1	reduced to .09

Scalper's Dept. Store

AT SMURDLEY AND MAIN

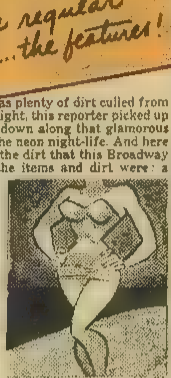
FREE parking, OR ... if you can't ride, WE'LL pick you up, OR ... if you can't leave home, WE'LL bring the merchandise to you, OR ... WE'LL do anything! ANYTHING ... YOU HEAR!!!

4

Broad...

...300 pages later, you come back to more regular printing... the features!

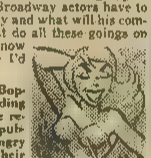
Well, fo... you today. Last night, this reporter picked up some mighty interesting items down along that glamorous avenue of theatres, clubs, and the neon night-life. And here are some of the items, some of the dirt that this Broadway reporter picked up. Some of the items and dirt were: a hardly smoked cigar butt, a indian penny, a comic book with cover torn off, ½ pound silver paper from cigarette packages, 10 Planter's Peanuts wrappers I can send away for free stamps.



WHAT ACTRESS?

AND NOW, around the nightclubs with Smurdley Yeldrums: At the Stark Club I saw Zaza Zam chatting in a very chummy manner with producer, Sam Urdley. At the Twentythousand Four Eight Club, Ludemey Zam, husband of the beauteous Zaza Zam, was seen sitting alone and this reporter chatted with him for a moment. At the Mocobombo, Sam Urdley, producer, was seen being punched in the nose while chatting with Ludemey Zam. At the Coq Roach, Zaza Zam seen also punched in the nose while chatting with Ludemey Zam. At the Chez Pigalle, this reporter seen punched in the nose by Zaza Zam.

AND NOW, the hottest item of the week. What T.V. actress has been frequently seen with what international playboy at what restaurant at what time? What is going on between these two and what will Broadway actors have to say? What will his agent have to say and what will his company do about what? In fact, what do all these goings on mean in the first place? ■ you know what, let me know what because I'd like to know myself



FAN

AND NOW, an open letter to Bopley Smurd: Dear Bopley, I am sending you this open letter because of the recent encounter you had with your public the other night when you got angry at your fans and refused to sign their autograph books. I am writing you this open letter to remind you that it was the fans who put you where you are today. It was the fans who gave you your first break as a singer. Remember you used ■ be an electrician and you were fixing the electric fans at the Stark Club and the night club owners heard you singing while you were fixing those electric fans? Remember? Hah, you bum, remember? That was your first break. I am writing you this letter just to remind you what those fans did for you. So last night, when your kicking screaming fans tore the sleeve from your coat, the leg from your pant, the hair from your head, there was no reason for you to get mad... no reason to start ■ strangle that little girl. She just wanted your socks for a souvenir. And mainly I am writing this open letter... I am writing you this open letter... because a closed letter would cost three cents postage and it's cheaper this way.

SILVER PAPER

AND NOW, goings on about town. Pat Mike is about ■ sue Sam Tom! A.B. will double-cross C.D in the morning! and E.F is going to punch G.H in the nose tomorrow! L.S. signed that contract with M.F.T. and it's rumored that Q.X. will O.K. that deal with O.K. However, although Q.X will O.K. O.K., O.K. will not O.K. deal Does Q.X. think O.K. is O.K.? If so, how can Q.X. O.K. if O.K is not O.K. that is, if O.■ is Q.X. a■ not O.K. I mean O.K rather than O.K er, the first O.K. rather than O.K as used the second time Shall we get on to the next item?

AND NOW, this is your Broadway Gunk reporter, Smurdley Yeldrums closing with the final statement of wisdom that I pass along to you out there in order to give you something ■ think about today and that final wise word is . anybody want to buy silver-paper? I have ½ a pound which I will sell cheap

The Kwestioning Kameraman

By MURDLEY S.

THE POOP will pay $10 for every intelligent, thoughtful, important question submitted and used by this column.

QUESTION

...you ever get punched inna nose?

LOCATION

Down in the subway in various locations... on the platforms, in the trains, and on the tracks.

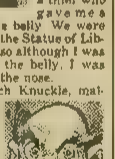
ANSWERS

Punchy Knucklehead, sandwich sign carrier: Nobody eva punched me. I don't give 'em the chanc't I punch 'em f'yust When guys pass me an' I don' like 'eir looks* PUNCH! I let 'em have it.

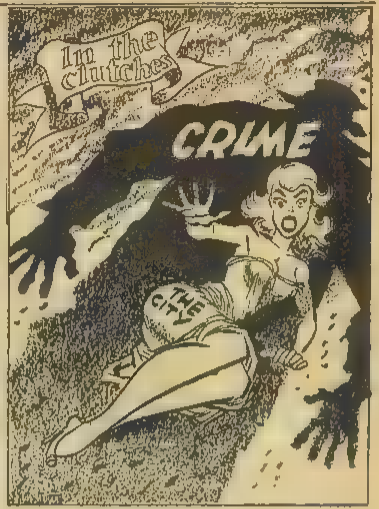
Head knuckle Punched, process server. Yes, people always punch me in the nose. My job makes people mad Sometimes people punch me for no reason. The other day some sandwich-sign carrier came up and punched me in the nose.

Knucklepunch Head, potrzebie maybe. One day, I went to the top of the Statue of Liberty and was accosted there by a thief who gave me a punch ■ the belly We were standing ■ the Statue of Liberty's nose, so although I was punched in the belly, I was punched in the nose.

Headpunch Knuckle, malcontented dish washer: Has one the right to be punched in the nose is the core of this question Don't let "big intervents" talk you into not getting punched in the nose. I hope that answers your question



Bobo Bom, stenographer: Quit following me ■ I'll give YOU a punch inna nose!



POOP PEOPLE'S LETTERS

Please give name and address and name of your lawyer with your letter

SHOOT

This city is going to the dogs! There are no good bums in city-hall that are decaying and corrupting our city till gradually, it ■ going to the dogs. There is a small band of dirty no-good self-seeking money-hungry political bums who alone are responsible for letting the city go to the dogs. And there is only one thing left ■ stop these dirty bunch of no good bums from letting this city go to the dogs. I say we must take them out and shoot them like dogs take out all the dogs every single dog and shoot them like dogs. That way, this city cannot go to the dogs.

GREATLY DISGUSTED

GRIND UP

Your newspaper is the worst rag on the market. It is the most terrible bunch of junk I have ever seen. It isn't fit for lining the trash can. It isn't even fit to grind up and make into other paper again. It isn't even fit for thinking of grinding up and making into other paper. It isn't even fit for making into paper for thinking of grinding up and making into other paper! I'll bet you don't print this.

REALLY DISGUSTED

CRUMS

What a bunch of crums you are. I'll bet you don't print this.

MUCH DISGUSTED

BUMS

Bums! I'll bet you don't print this.

PLENTY DISGUSTED

I'LL

I'll bet you don't print this

GOOD AND DISGUSTED

STUPID

I read the letter yesterday by reader, "MOST DISGUSTED," and I want to voice my disagreement ■ this letter attacking some of the basic ideas of our political structure. I want to sa■ to "MOST DISGUSTED," ■en like you are the fundamental trouble with our whole social and political ideology. In other words, ■ answer to your statement "Women are stupid!" I say, men are stupid!

DISGUSTED GIRL

STUPID

I just want ■ second reader "MOST DISGUSTED"'s letter. If anyone has the simplest grasp of life, has the merest ability to comprehend the complex philosophy we live by, they would realize instantly why we have wars, why we have sickness and disease. They would realize ■ a sentence like "MOST DISGUSTED," that women are stupid!

DISGUSTED BOY

STUPID

In answer ■ the vital argument "MOST DISGUSTED"'s letter has touched off, I think the truth of the matter is men and women are stupid!

DISGUSTED THING

KILL

I think that the solution to our problems is to kill all the Democrats.

DISGUSTED REPUBLICAN

KILL

I think the solution to our problems is to kill ■ the Republicans.

DISGUSTED DEMOCRAT

KILL

I think the solution to our problems is to kill everybody.

PLAIN DISGUSTED

DAILY POOP, SOMEDAY, OCTOBER 1964 • 1,000

Love Advice...

by Smurdlove Unrequited

DEAR MISS UNREQUITED. I am going out with another man who the first man worked for. When I met the first man, it was love at first sight, and since he had divorced the second woman, he thought everything was all right till the first woman showed up. Now everything is in a furshlugginer mess and I am wondering if you have any opinion on this. Miss Unrequited, what is your answer?

ANSWER: Yes.

DEAR MISS UNREQUITED. I am going out with some-m that times I think don't love me. He grately don't have a job, and once we light had a date and I gave him my model pay-check to take us out and liant when he took me home I asked him for the change and he told me to leave him alone or he'd never take me out again. Next time we had a date, I gave him my car for us to take a ride in. When he took me home, I asked for the car and he told me to leave him alone or he'd never take me for a ride again. Next time we had a date, he was with another girl. When he took her home, I asked him to take me home. He told me to leave him alone or he'd get me in trouble. What I want to know is, can he get me in trouble?—Z.X.

ANSWER: Maybe.

...more features ... then movie ads! These movie ads certainly do untold damage to grown-ups!

★ ★ ★ WHAT'S ★ ★ ★

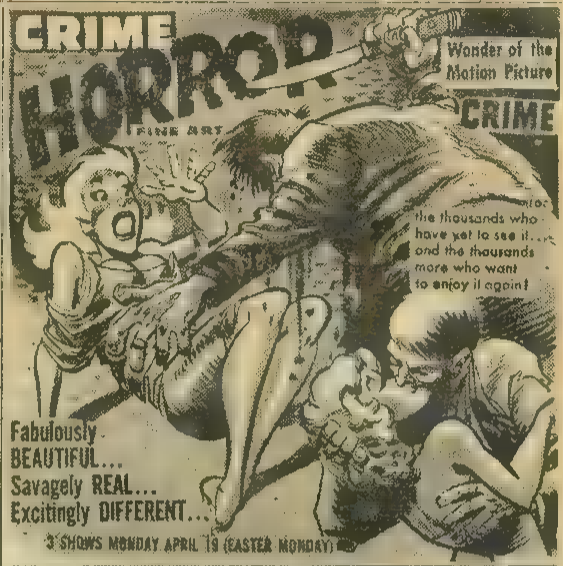
UP-STARS

YOUR HOROSCOPE

by Stellar Smurdley

Today—the stars predict many important events, so take careful note. First of all, it seems that the morning will start very early, and later on in the day you will find yourself in the afternoon. Still later on, take care, for it will get very dark and you will be very sleepy. Our advice would be for you to go to bed. During the day, try to see and think clearly. Try not to get into trouble. Also, try to eat and breathe and most of all, stay alive.

Gemini—Today to all Geminis, who have birthdays, all we have to say to you is, Jiminy, Gemini, happy birthday! For all Gemini, nomatter homini, we predict that today your future lies ahead of you although your past is behind.



★★★★★ LATE LATE LATE LATE

DAILY POOP

PICTURE NEWSPAPER...PLENTY PICTURES

4¢ A POUND

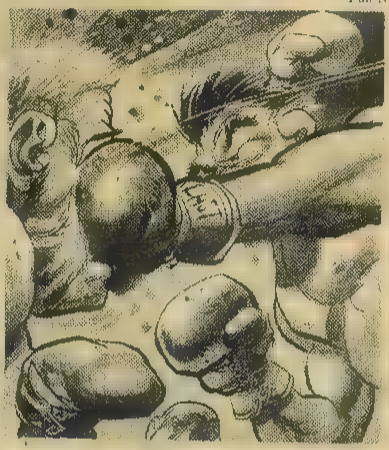
4,000 Pages | Copr. 1944 Poop Syndicate Co. Inc. | Someday, October, 1954 | 4¢ IN CITY LIMITS | 5¢ OUTSIDE COUNTRY LIMITS | 10¢ OUTSIDE EARTH LIMITS

10 PAGES BLOODY FIGHT PICS

finally the back page which is a shame to civilization sometimes!

Full Nauseating Story on Page 980

(POOP foto by Jack Dempsey)



POOP foto by Jack Dempsey

Messiest Fight Ever

Here are the Daily Poop's exclusive fight pics of the Kid Smadoodley—Punchy Melvin bout. The Poop has spared no expense to give you complete photo coverage of best and bloodiest parts of fight with photos of hardest blows, taken from many different angles. Candid shot on left [←] catches face of Punchy Melvin as it contorts from Smadoodley's left to the head. Next candid shot [←] catches Kid's contorted face pressed unbelievably flat for an instant by Punchy's glove. Below, left [←]. Punchy's face contorted . ear is where eye should be. Last shot [←] Kid's whole face is in space eyebrows should be.

—*Lots more, p. 50-60*

(POOP foto by Jack Dempsey)

POOP foto by Jack Dempsey

(POOP foto by Jack Dempsey)

Man Fined For Bashing Son

This photo [→] shows grown-up accused of severely spanking youthful son [→]. Grown-up told reporters how while reading newspaper today, he noticed youth looking at evil reading matter. Suddenly, grown-up's mind felt so strangely corrupted, he jumped up and spanked youth [→]. Youth [→] points [→] to wrench [←] grown-up [↑] used to [↓] spank.

WELL, YOUTH... THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE READING! THAT'S WHAT MONEY-HUNGRY PUBLISHERS ARE FEEDING TO OUR OWN GROWN-UPS!... YOU CAN ACT!...FORM CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS!...SEE TO IT THAT OUR GROWN-UPS BUY CLEAN WHOLESOME READING MATTER! SEE TO IT THAT OUR GROWN-UPS ARE NOT CORRUPTED BY NEWSPAPERS!

Y.

And now, once again, in line with our purpose of informing as well as entertaining, MAD turns serious for a moment. Once again, in order to bring the future into focus, we present this month an article by a famous analyst on Egypt. Yes, it is well to watch Egypt, keystone of the east. In Egypt the decisions of tomorrow will be made in the future. We are sure that this article will stress that fact even more so, and so we present this article called

E.C. WENT TO SEA

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...

AND WE CAME UP WITH...

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME! I ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

. . . What's the idea of trying to palm that article in issue #3 off as Greek writing. I know Captain Marvel code when I see it.—Hal Higdon—Chicago, Ill.

. . . In MAD #13, in the story of the Book Version, you have the main character saying, "Gimme that #@**#$ film." I read the real book version, and I believe he said, "Gimme that xx#@**#$ film."—Paul Anderson—Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

. . . All the squares around my crazy school don't dig no bop talk. I told one square to lend me a hunk of bread and he said he had some biscuits and that's all.—Paul Cummino—Salina, Kan.

. . . After digging Mad Mumblings, I hate [redacted] say it but I do think those kats are a bit square on Bop. It seems all they know [redacted] "dig, cool, man, crazy." I'd like to assist. Now a true hipster is hep to the times and comes on like Einstein . . . starts inventing. Sentence structure is the key. Man, if you're gonna cool that jive completely, you've got to go it phrase-wise. A foreigner who checks in at the [redacted] might know how to say, "Yes, no, hello, goodbye." Those few don't rate him no diploma. He's got to cool it more so. Same thing with the Hipster. He must not have eyes to see fragmentation, he must go fluidly.—Richard Bassford—Corona, L. I.

. . . Hipster's revised dictionary:

house—RANCH
eat—GREASE
car—STROLLER
key—TWISTER
sit down—SQUAT
money—ENDS
let's go—LET'S QUIT IT
door—SLAMMER
radio commercial—SONNET
heckler—JONAH
broke—WASTED
bop records—JAMS
Stan Kenton—THE MAN
hundred dollars—A YARD
pal—MY MAN
shoes—SANDALS, STOMPERS, KICKS
popular fellow—PLAYER

—D. (for Down) McAllister—Baltimore, Md.

. . . Some more words for the Bop Dictionary

a few minutes—A FEW TICKS
I'll see you—LATER
real nice—TOO MUCH
Bop records—TUNES, SIDES
bad—SCROUNGY
friends—HENCHMEN
to go—TO BLAZE, SPLIT
house—CRIB
square—TURKEY
eye glasses—CHEATERS
nice—WILD
the 1st Sgt—SIMON LEGREE

—Personnel of 8th R.S.M.—Brooks A.F.B., Tex.

. . . Your comic-book, MAD, is highly objectionable in so many ways that I will not bother to state them. I do not believe in censorship by a governmental agency or through organized pressure but I do feel that you should be appealed to on an intelligent basis. You have responsibilities beyond your interest in making profits. When your work is designed for young people you have the responsibility to help them grow strong emotionally as well as intellectually. I feel that you have no other choice but to remove your comic-book MAD from the stands . . . if you are honest.—Frank Quinn—San Francisco, Cal.

. . . In order to make a buck, an artist may turn to the public, and thus lose all his principles. When MAD first appeared on the stands, it was a comic-book for the intellectuals, and circulation was low. Now, circulation is high, and I fear you boys are going to mass-produce for the public, and MAD will keep increasing its circulation. So what! The New York Times would increase its circulation if they used an eight-column head, or printed the Hollywood scandals. Thank God the Times hasn't been swayed by the public's cheap demands. The same can apply to music. Toscaninni probably would be more popular if he lead such great pieces as Ricochet Romance or Doggie in the Window. Wouldn't you rather have your book appeal to intelligent people than to appeal to the ignorant proletariat? LeRoy Furguson—Wilmington, Mass.

. . . Just thought I'd write in to say that I appreciate MAD humor very much as do many of my friends here at Tufts college. If intelligent satire can woo kids from stupid comic-books and television, MAD comics will carry us far along the way, and each one saved from imbicility will be a triumph for you.—Marvin Galper—Salem, Mass.

. . . I nominate MAD for the Pulitzer Prize in literature for 1954. In time I believe your magazine will take its place as one of the classics.—Edwin L. Magee—U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

. . . Would you please tell a poor, uneducated college student what Potrzebie means?—Scooter—Penn. State, Penn.

. . . What does the word Potrzebie mean?—Eddie Essen (cotton-picker)—Bristol, Tenn.

. . . Please tell me what Potrzebie means.—N.S.—Boston, Mass.

. . . Potrzebie, what does it mean?—Hopee Saunders—Portsmouth, Va.

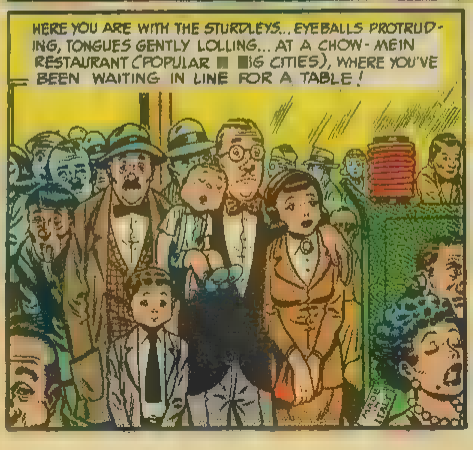
We thought you all knew. However, it's quite simple. What Potrzebie means is simply [redacted]
—ed.

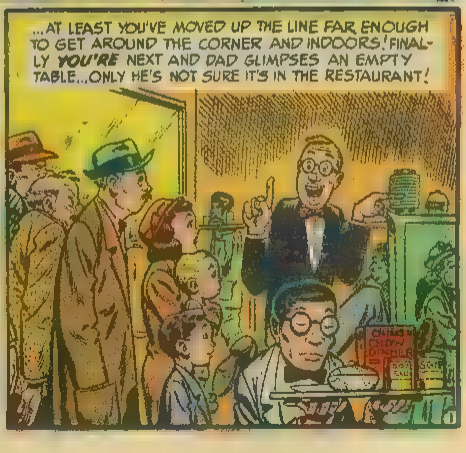
Subscription coupon on inside front cover. Please keep the mail coming . . . second only to your dimes we want your letters! Address for correspondance is

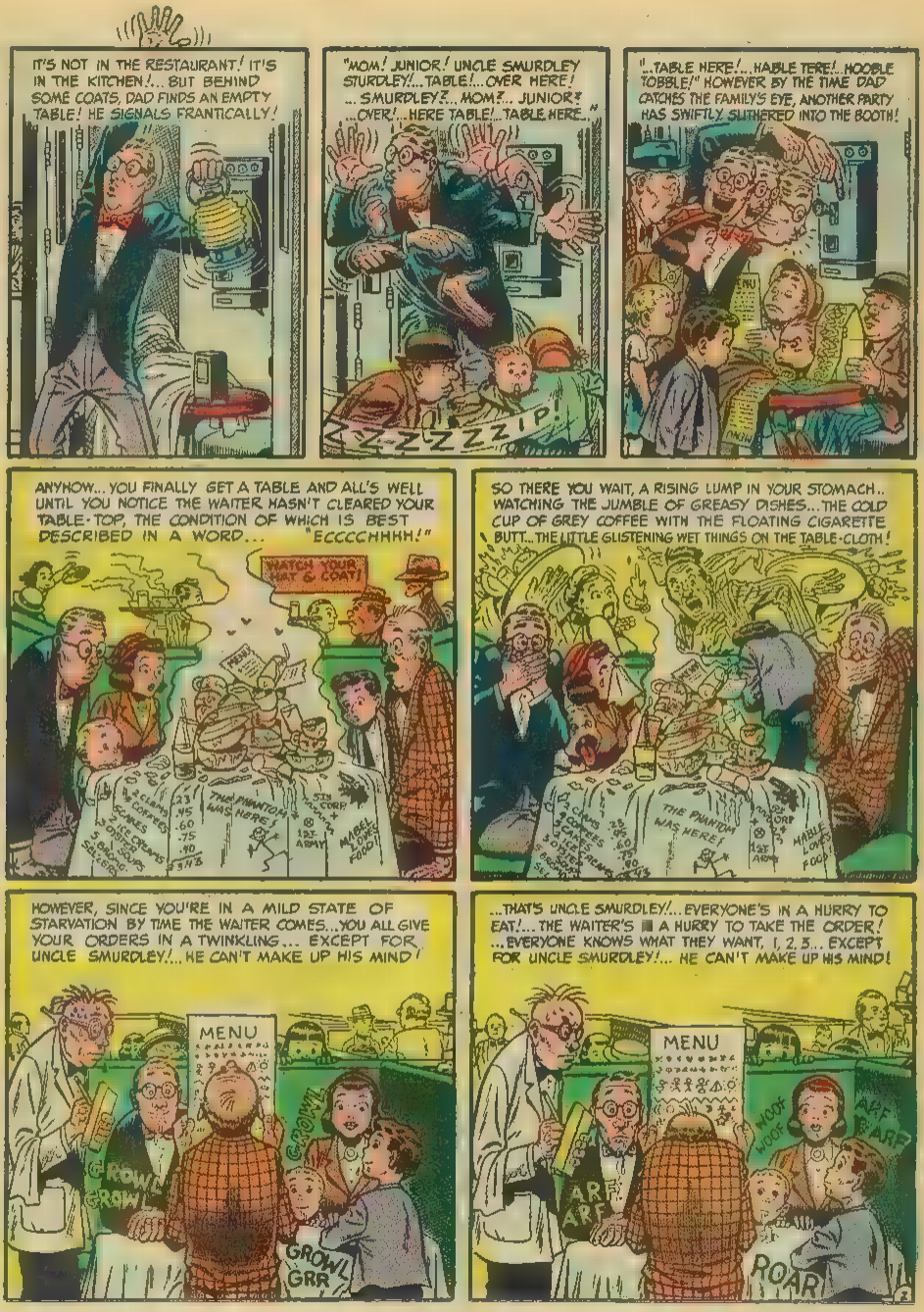
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 16
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

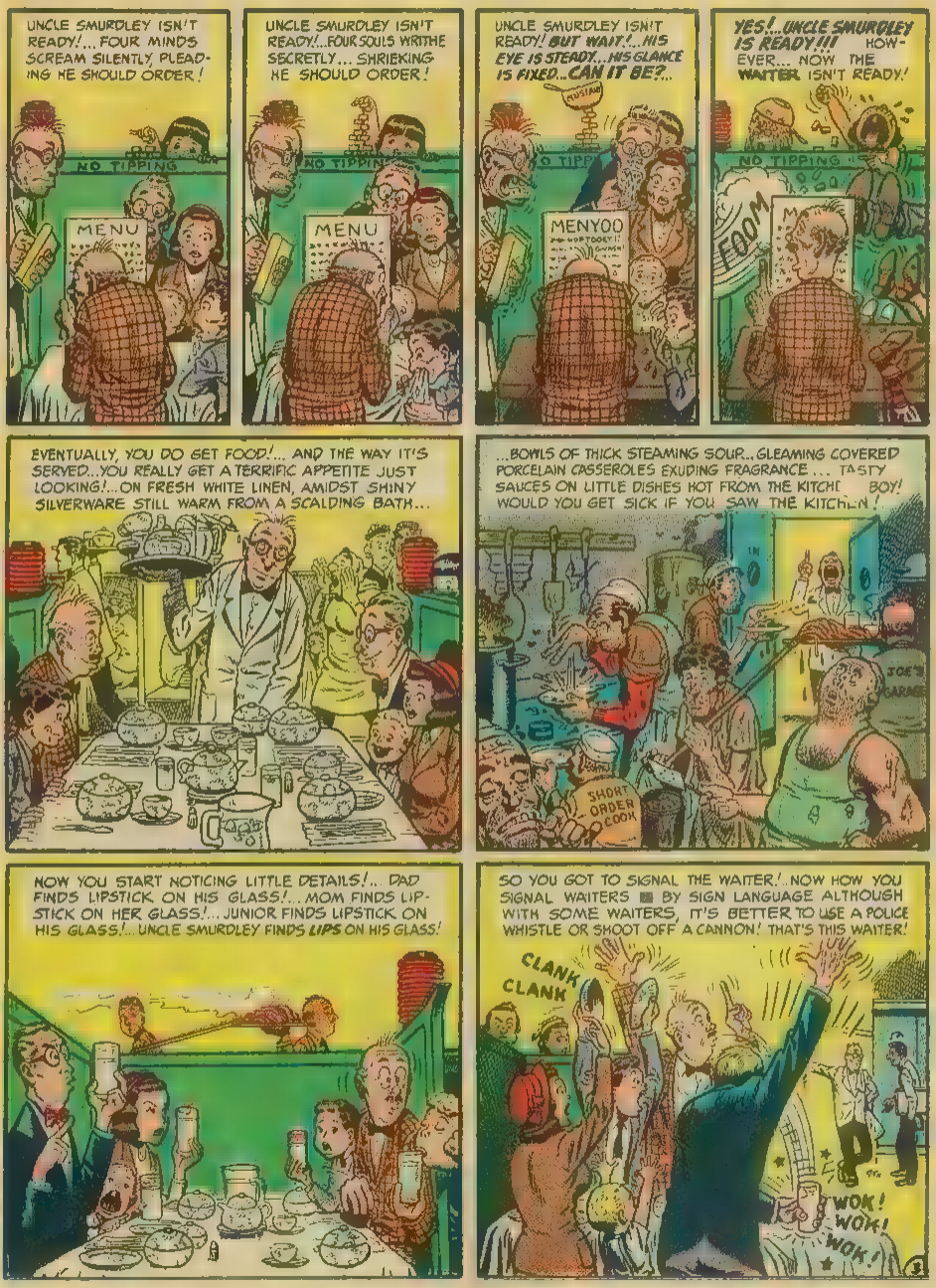
THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT.: FOLLOWING THE USUAL *MAD* POLICY OF EXPERIMENTING WITH NE■ THINGS AND THEREBY COMING CLOSER TO RUIN... WE INTRODUCE A *NEW* FEATURE, DEALING WITH VARIOUS PHASES OF LIFE IN AMERICA! LIKE FOR INSTANCE... HOW'S ABOUT THE PHASE WHERE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DAD DECIDES TO TAKE THE FAMILY TO A...

RESTAURANT!






IT'S NOT IN THE RESTAURANT! IT'S IN THE KITCHEN!... BUT BEHIND SOME COATS, DAD FINDS AN EMPTY TABLE! HE SIGNALS FRANTICALLY!
"MOM! JUNIOR! UNCLE SMURDLEY STURDLEY!... TABLE!... OVER HERE! ... SMURDLEY?... MOM?... JUNIOR? ...OVER!... HERE TABLE!... TABLE HERE..."
ZZZZZZIP!
"...TABLE HERE!... HABLE TERE!... HOOBLE TOBBLE!" HOWEVER BY THE TIME DAD CATCHES THE FAMILY'S EYE, ANOTHER PARTY HAS SWIFTLY SLITHERED INTO THE BOOTH!
MENU
ANYHOW... YOU FINALLY GET A TABLE AND ALL'S WELL UNTIL YOU NOTICE THE WAITER HASN'T CLEARED YOUR TABLE-TOP, THE CONDITION OF WHICH IS BEST DESCRIBED IN A WORD... "ECCCCHHHH!"
WATCH YOUR HAT & COAT!
THE PHANTOM WAS HERE!
1ST ARMY
5TH CORP
MABEL LOVES FOOD!
SO THERE YOU WAIT, A RISING LUMP IN YOUR STOMACH.. WATCHING THE JUMBLE OF GREASY DISHES... THE COLD CUP OF GREY COFFEE WITH THE FLOATING CIGARETTE BUTT... THE LITTLE GLISTENING WET THINGS ON THE TABLE-CLOTH!
HOWEVER, SINCE YOU'RE IN A MILD STATE OF STARVATION BY TIME THE WAITER COMES... YOU ALL GIVE YOUR ORDERS IN A TWINKLING... EXCEPT FOR UNCLE SMURDLEY!... HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND!
MENU
GROWL GROWL
GROWL
GROWL GRR
...THAT'S UNCLE SMURDLEY!... EVERYONE'S IN A HURRY TO EAT!... THE WAITER'S IN A HURRY TO TAKE THE ORDER! ...EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT THEY WANT, 1, 2, 3... EXCEPT FOR UNCLE SMURDLEY!... HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND!
MENU
ARF ARF
WOOF WOOF
ARF ARF
ROAR


UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY!... FOUR MINDS SCREAM SILENTLY PLEADING HE SHOULD ORDER!
NO TIPPING
MENU
UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY!...FOUR SOULS WRITHE SECRETLY... SHRIEKING HE SHOULD ORDER!
NO TIPPING
MENU
UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY! BUT WAIT!...HIS EYE IS STEADY...HIS GLANCE IS FIXED...CAN IT BE?...
RUSH!
MENYOO
YES!...UNCLE SMURDLEY IS READY!!! HOWEVER... NOW THE WAITER ISN'T READY!
NO TIPPING
FOOM
EVENTUALLY, YOU DO GET FOOD!... AND THE WAY IT'S SERVED...YOU REALLY GET A TERRIFIC APPETITE JUST LOOKING!...ON FRESH WHITE LINEN, AMIDST SHINY SILVERWARE STILL WARM FROM A SCALDING BATH...
...BOWLS OF THICK STEAMING SOUP...GLEAMING COVERED PORCELAIN CASSEROLES EXUDING FRAGRANCE ... TASTY SAUCES ON LITTLE DISHES HOT FROM THE KITCHEN BOY! WOULD YOU GET SICK IF YOU SAW THE KITCHEN!
SHORT ORDER COOK
NOW YOU START NOTICING LITTLE DETAILS!... DAD FINDS LIPSTICK ON HIS GLASS!... MOM FINDS LIPSTICK ON HER GLASS!... JUNIOR FINDS LIPSTICK ON HIS GLASS!... UNCLE SMURDLEY FINDS LIPS ON HIS GLASS!
SO YOU GOT TO SIGNAL THE WAITER!..NOW HOW YOU SIGNAL WAITERS BY SIGN LANGUAGE ALTHOUGH WITH SOME WAITERS, IT'S BETTER TO USE A POLICE WHISTLE OR SHOOT OFF A CANNON! THAT'S THIS WAITER!
CLANK
CLANK
WOK!
WOK!
WOK!

YOU CAN'T SIGNAL HIM SO YOU'LL CATCH HIM WHEN HE PASSES NEAR! BY GEORGE...HERE HE IS!

YOU SWING AROUND... TAKE A BREATH...OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO SPEAK... ...HE'S GONE!

FOOM

OH, WELL...YOU'LL CATCH HIM THE NEXT TIME BY! ...WOOPS!...JUNIOR SPOTS HIM COMING BACK!

YOU JERK ERECT...SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH...FLING OPEN MOUTH TO SPEAK... ...HE'S GONE!

FOOM

SOON...ALL OBSTACLES SURMOUNTED, YOU SPOON OUT SAVORY CHOW-MEIN ■ CLOUDS OF STEAM... MIX VARIOUS INGREDIENTS BEFORE YOU, AND ECSTATICALLY LIFT A FORKFULL TO YOUR MOUTH...

TODAY'S SPECIAL EGG FOO YONG WITH BEAUTE FISH

...CRISP NOODLES...STEWED ONIONS...BEAN SPROUTS... STRIPS OF CHICKEN...SNOWY RICE...A DAB OF ENGLISH MUSTARD...A DASH OF SOY-SAUCE...ALL LIFTED TO YOUR MOUTH... BABY HAS TO LEAVE THE ROOM!

OK...! YOU GO!...YOU COME BACK! ...YOU SIT DOWN AGAIN!... YOUR PLATE OF FOOD HAS COOLED OFF A LITTLE. BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT!

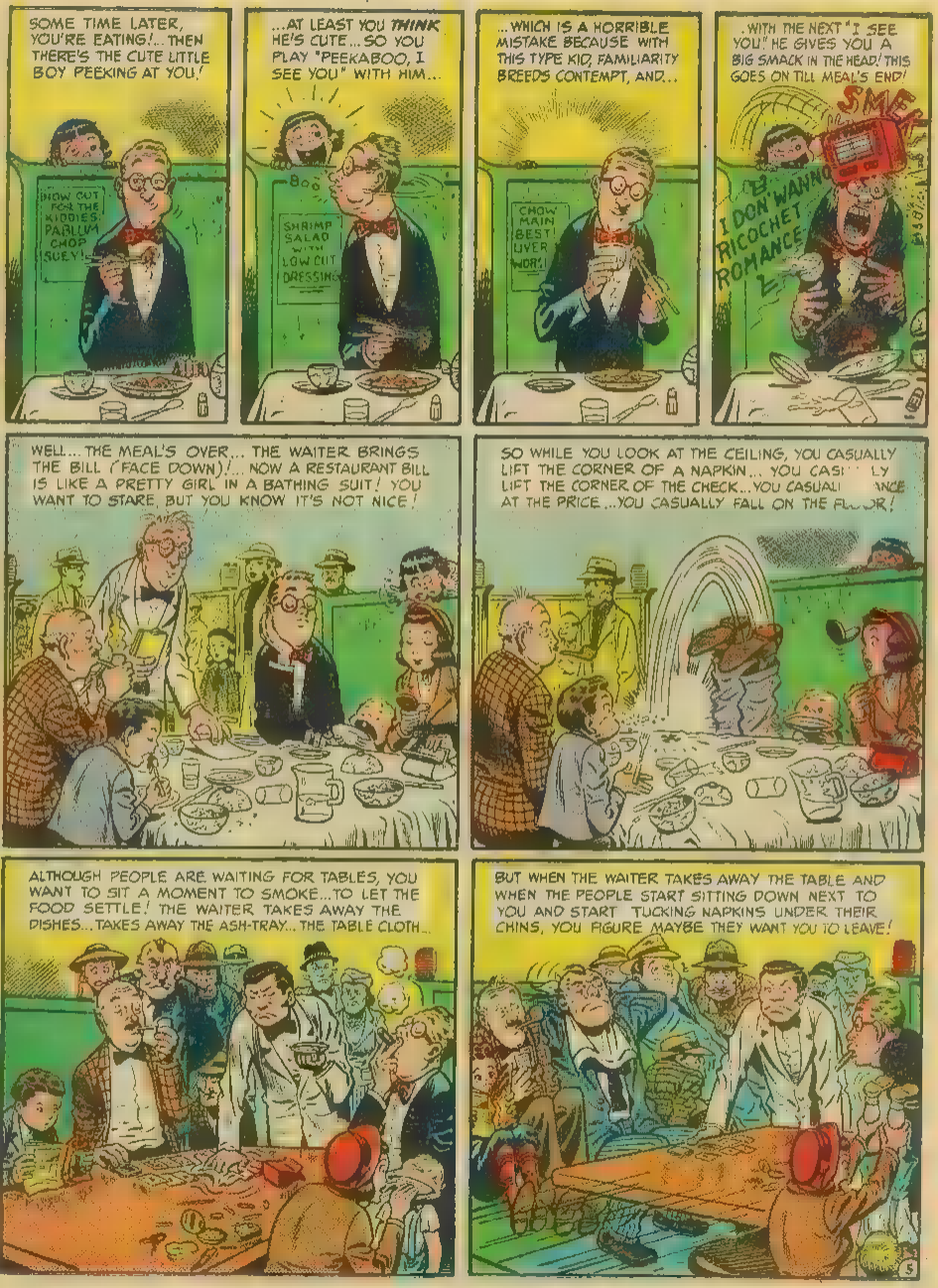
ATE

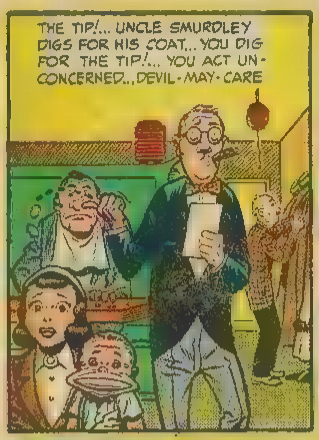
...MIX ■ A LITTLE MORE HOT CHOW-MEIN FROM THE CASSEROLE! ...MIX ■ A LITTLE MORE HOT RICE!...THAT'LL WARM IT UP!

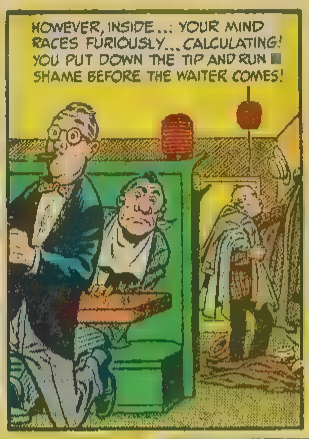
BIC CARBONATE

...ANOTHER DAB OF MUSTARD! ANOTHER DASH OF SOY-SAUCE! ...LIFT IT TO YOUR MOUTH, AND ...BABY HAS TO LEAVE THE ROOM!

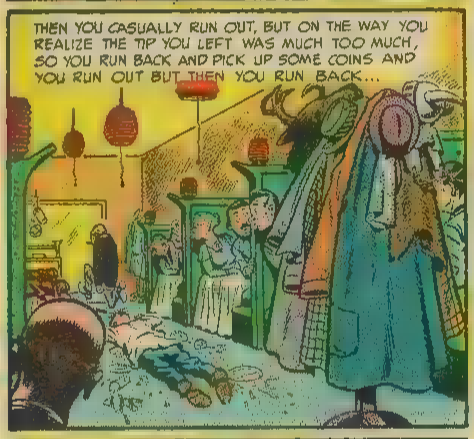
ATE

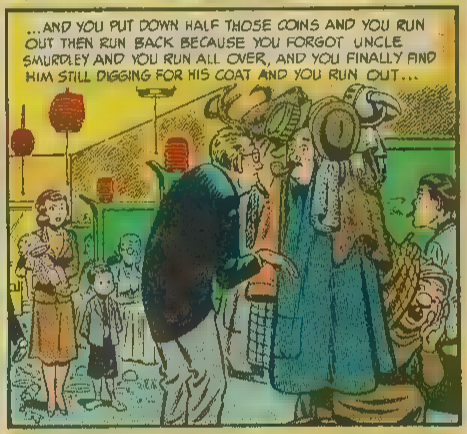

SOME TIME LATER, YOU'RE EATING!... THEN THERE'S THE CUTE LITTLE BOY PEEKING AT YOU!
NOW OUT FOR THE KIDDIES: PABLUM CHOP SUEY!
...AT LEAST YOU THINK HE'S CUTE... SO YOU PLAY "PEEKABOO, I SEE YOU" WITH HIM...
SHRIMP SALAD WITH LOW CUT DRESSING
...WHICH IS A HORRIBLE MISTAKE BECAUSE WITH THIS TYPE KID, FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT, AND...
CHOW MAIN BEST LIVER WORST
...WITH THE NEXT "I SEE YOU" HE GIVES YOU A BIG SMACK IN THE HEAD! THIS GOES ON TILL MEAL'S END!
SMEK
I DON'WANNA RICOCHET ROMANCE
WELL... THE MEAL'S OVER... THE WAITER BRINGS THE BILL (FACE DOWN)!... NOW A RESTAURANT BILL IS LIKE A PRETTY GIRL IN A BATHING SUIT! YOU WANT TO STARE, BUT YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE!
SO WHILE YOU LOOK AT THE CEILING, YOU CASUALLY LIFT THE CORNER OF A NAPKIN... YOU CASUALLY LIFT THE CORNER OF THE CHECK... YOU CASUALLY GLANCE AT THE PRICE... YOU CASUALLY FALL ON THE FLOOR!
ALTHOUGH PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR TABLES, YOU WANT TO SIT A MOMENT TO SMOKE... TO LET THE FOOD SETTLE! THE WAITER TAKES AWAY THE DISHES... TAKES AWAY THE ASH-TRAY... THE TABLE CLOTH...
BUT WHEN THE WAITER TAKES AWAY THE TABLE AND WHEN THE PEOPLE START SITTING DOWN NEXT TO YOU AND START TUCKING NAPKINS UNDER THEIR CHINS, YOU FIGURE MAYBE THEY WANT YOU TO LEAVE!

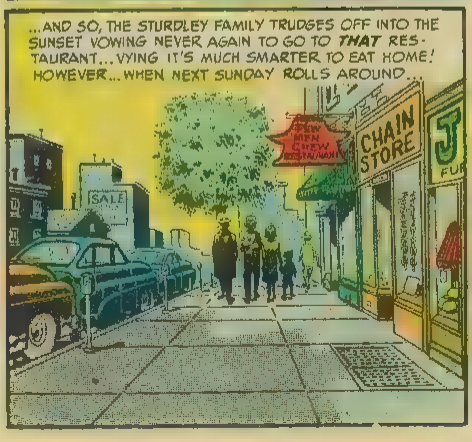

THE TIP!... UNCLE SMURDLEY DIGS FOR HIS COAT... YOU DIG FOR THE TIP!... YOU ACT UN-CONCERNED... DEVIL-MAY-CARE


HOWEVER, INSIDE... YOUR MIND RACES FURIOUSLY... CALCULATING! YOU PUT DOWN THE TIP AND RUN SHAME BEFORE THE WAITER COMES!

HALF-WAY OUT THE DOOR, YOUR CON-SCIENCE STOPS YOU!... YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK CHEAP! YOU RUN BACK AND PUT DOWN A FEW MORE COINS!


THEN YOU CASUALLY RUN OUT, BUT ON THE WAY YOU REALIZE THE TIP YOU LEFT WAS MUCH TOO MUCH, SO YOU RUN BACK AND PICK UP SOME COINS AND YOU RUN OUT BUT THEN YOU RUN BACK...


...AND YOU PUT DOWN HALF THOSE COINS AND YOU RUN OUT THEN RUN BACK BECAUSE YOU FORGOT UNCLE SMURDLEY AND YOU RUN ALL OVER, AND YOU FINALLY FIND HIM STILL DIGGING FOR HIS COAT AND YOU RUN OUT...


...AND SO, THE STURDLEY FAMILY TRUDGES OFF INTO THE SUNSET VOWING NEVER AGAIN TO GO TO THAT RES-TAURANT... VYING IT'S MUCH SMARTER TO EAT HOME! HOWEVER... WHEN NEXT SUNDAY ROLLS AROUND...
CHAIN STORE
SALE

...HERE YOU ARE WITH THE STURDLEYS... EYEBALLS PRO-TRUDING, TONSLIES GENTLY LOLLING... AT A CHOW-MEIN RESTAURANT (POPULAR IN BIG CITIES) WHERE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING IN LINE FOR A TABLE...

POETRY DEPT.: TODAY WE DO DISCUSS... IN MANNER MARKED OF US... (OF WRECKING AND WRACKING AND COMIC BOOK HACKING)... THE POEM 'HESPERUS'!... AND SO PRESENTING THUS... WITH WORDS UNCHANGED OF CUSS... FROM GOOD TO WORSE, THE 'HESPERUS' VERSE TO THE...

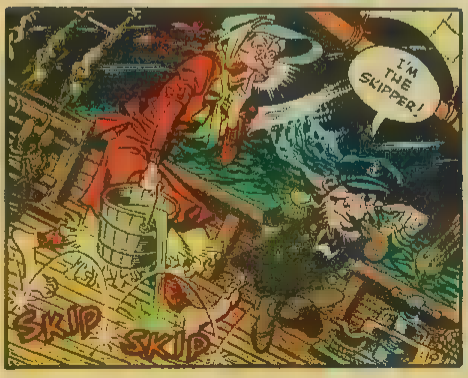
WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

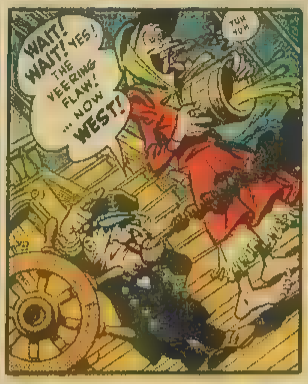
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.



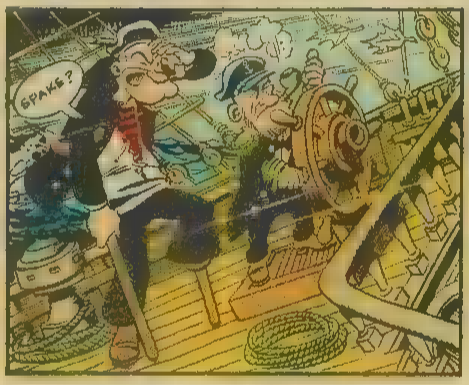
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;

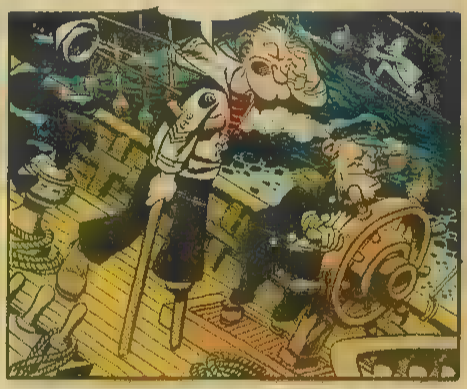
And he watched the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.



Then up spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main:

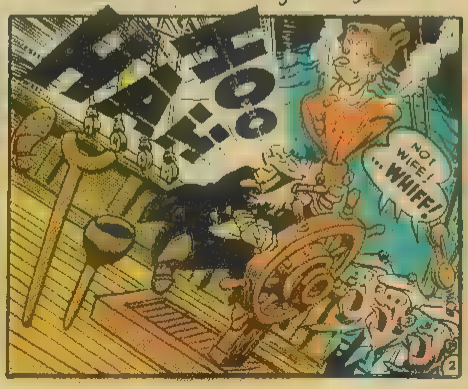
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane."





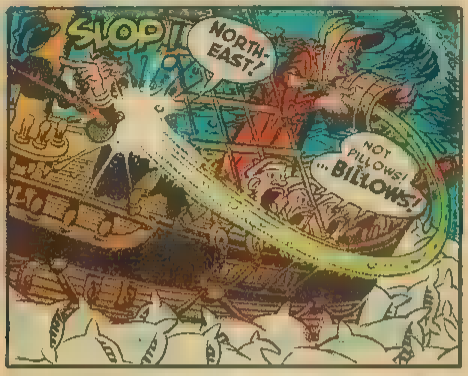
"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.



Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;

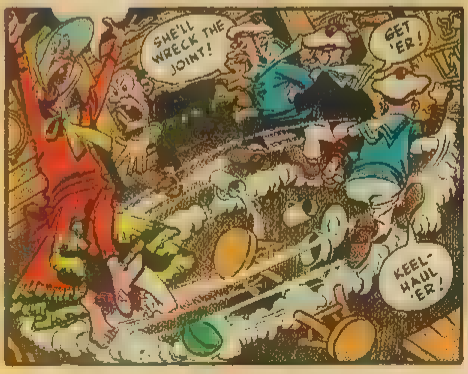
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.



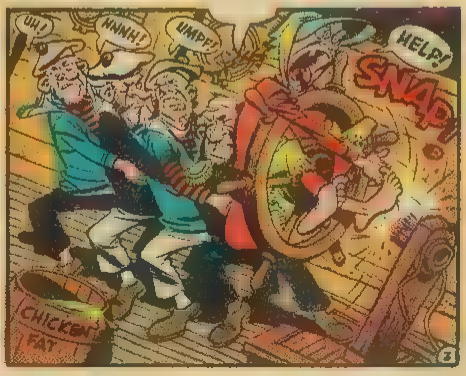
Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;

She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed
Then leaped her cable's length!

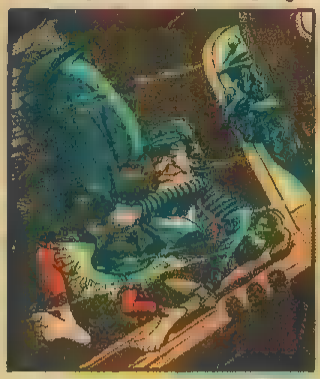
"Come hither! Come hither! My little daughter,
And do not tremble so;"



"For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

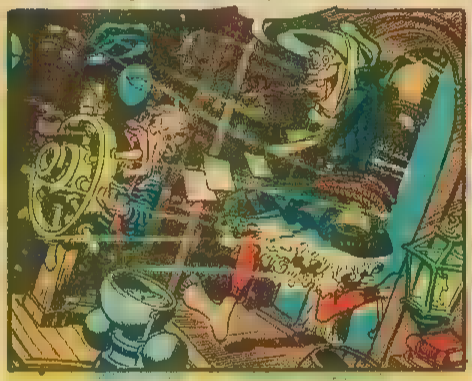


He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;

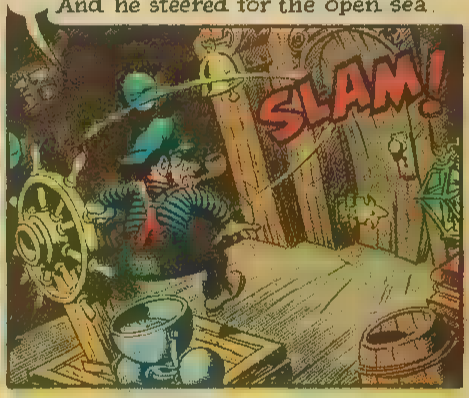


He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

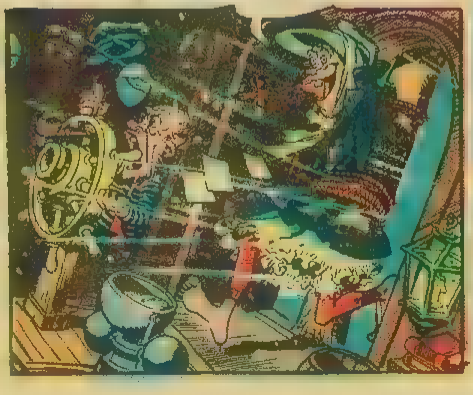
"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"



"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

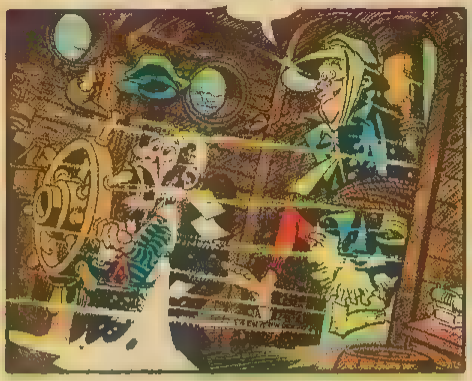


"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?

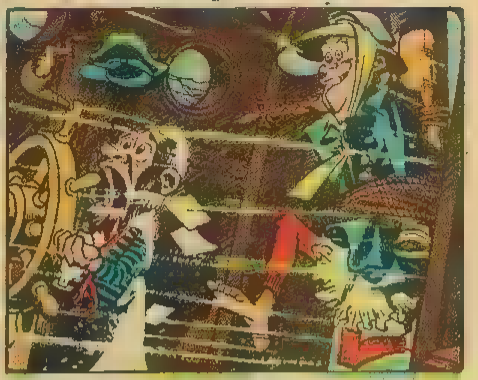


"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

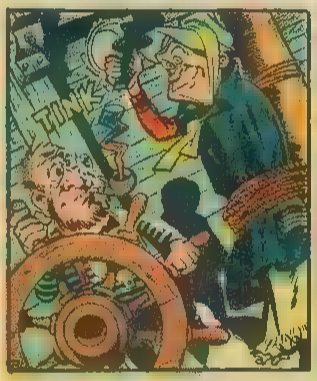
"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may that be?"



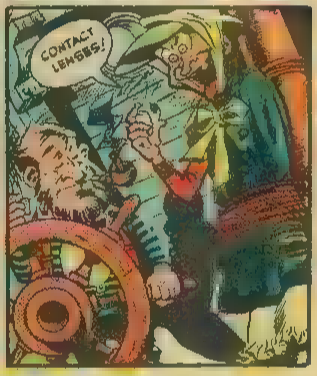
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.



Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies;

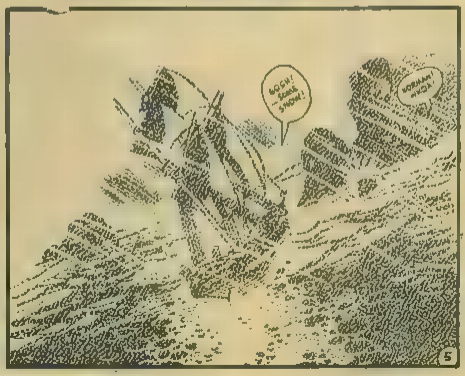


The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes...



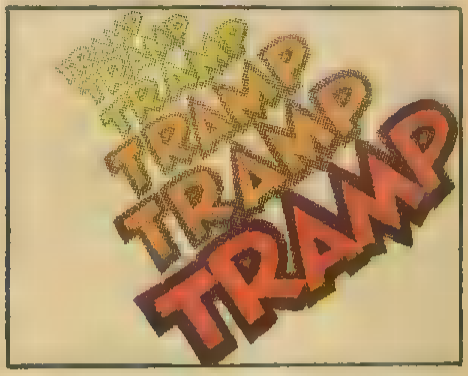
...And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe

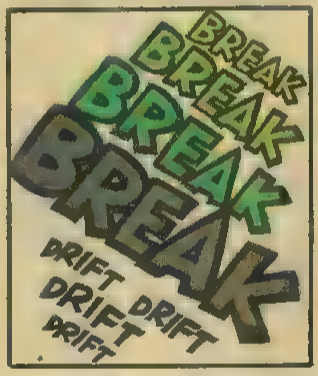


And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

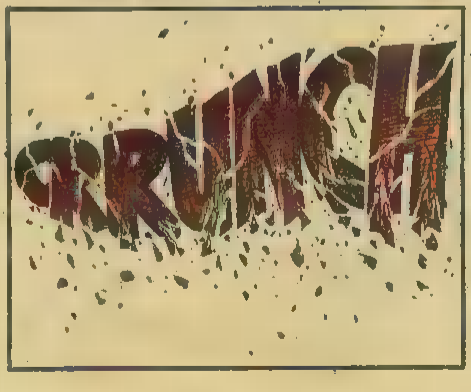


The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,

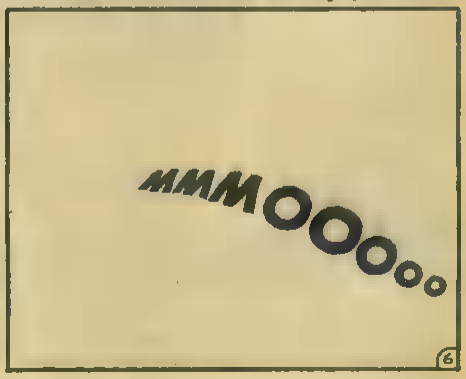


And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,

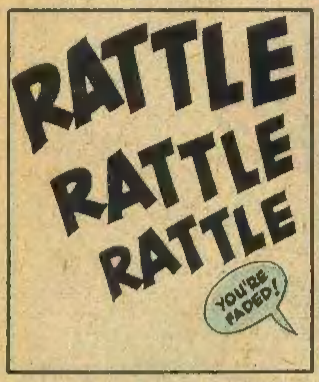


But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.



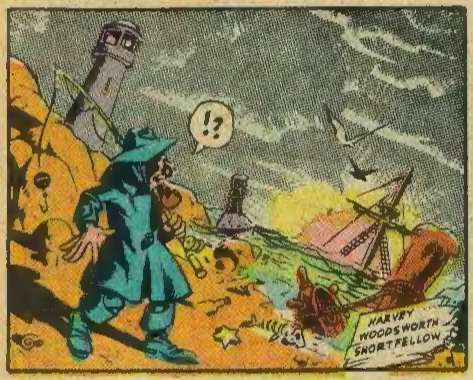
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With masts, went by the board;

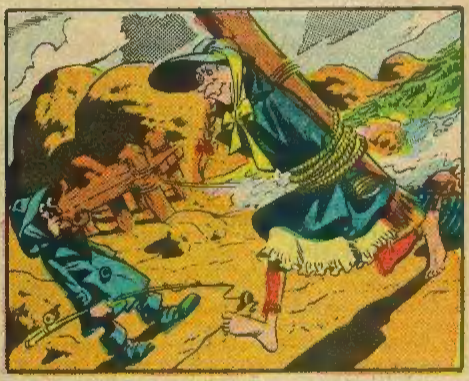
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.



At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,

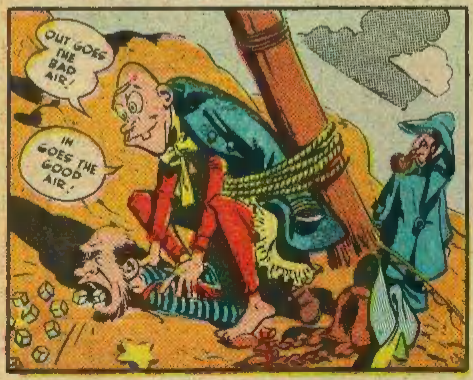
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.





The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.



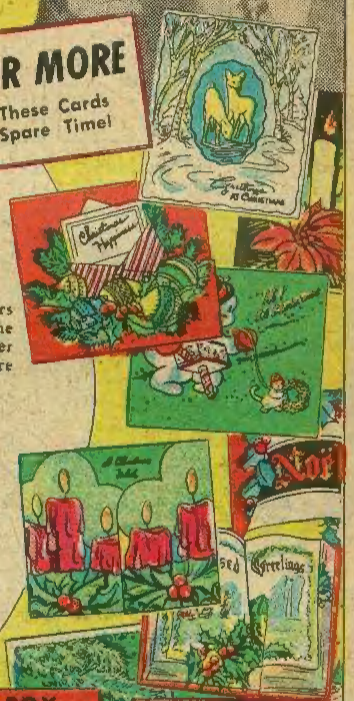
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

$1 Box of 21 New Christmas Cards

Yours FREE!

B. J. Stuart,
President
Stuart Greetings

I'll Give You This Feature Assortment of 21 New, Lovely Christmas Cards Free To Prove How Easily You Can Earn **$75.00 OR MORE** Showing These Cards In Your Spare Time!



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Mail coupon for money-making sample outfit ON APPROVAL. Get Feature Assortment as a FREE GIFT for trying our plan.

Mail Now!

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"I make $30 to $40 a week, in my spare time. It's easy. Your cards sell them selves!"
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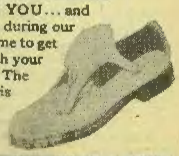

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